

The Bee

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1898.



ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CONFESSES.
POWELL—We are authorized to announce W. T. Powell, of Davidson county, as a candidate for Congress from the Second Congressional District, subject to the action of the Republican party.

JOLLY—We are authorized to announce Hon. George W. Jolly, of Davidson county, as a candidate for Congress from the Second Congressional District, subject to the action of the Republican party.

Another doctor has become a candidate for Congress in the Third Congressional district. Dr. Melton P. Creel, of Central City, is a candidate for the Republican nomination and his friends say he will win and be elected.

SENATOR LINDSEY first declares himself in favor of "expansion" and now ex-Congressman McCreary is advocating the same policy. Ex-Gov. Stone, of Missouri, and Altgelt, of Illinois, are for expansion: Looks like Col. Bryan and Mr. Jones had "spoke too soon." But they are on record as "agin" expansion" and how can they flop?

The Merchant's Association of New York has sent to President McKinley a letter saying: "By your calmness, your patience amid most exciting and exacting circumstances, your strong apparent determination to do fully and well everything which would help the cause of this country, you have been an inspiration, not only to the troops in the field and the men on the ships, but to the citizens who have remained at home watching your course daily."

Who will say the tribute is not well deserved?

The Third Kentucky Volunteers are petitioning for a "muster out," so the dispatches say. That is the proper thing now that the war is over. Our boys were anxious as anybody else's boys to get to the front and see fighting. But the war was too quickly over for their ambition to be thus satisfied, and there is not much glory in filling a permanent military camp. If there is no more fighting and a portion of the volunteer army is to be mustered out, our boys will doubtless be returned to peaceful pursuits as it said they desire.

If it becomes necessary to move American troops to Havana before the sickly season is ended the President has been assured by Gen. Lee that "he is confident he can camp his men on the high hills around Havana with very slight risk from yellow fever or climatic dangers, even if they go now."

Gen. Lee's advice is good on most subjects and he is a specialist as to affairs in and around Havana, but it is to be hoped the necessity may not arise to send troops there until after October 1st.

The Chicago Record says: "Great Britain, Russia and Japan have entered the markets of the United States for the purpose of purchasing provisions, such as canned and salted meats for use in their army and navy. For several weeks a rumor has been in circulation among the great packing houses at the stock yards to this effect, and now it is confirmed. What such an order as will probably be placed by each country will be can only be estimated from the amount ordered by our government during the early part of the war between the United States and Spain. But it is safe to say that each foreign power now figuring for the purchase of provisions will place an order for at least 5,000,000 pounds."

An Off-Hand Opinion.

The L. A. W. Bulletin expresses an off-hand opinion upon the road question so tersely and to the point that it deserves to be repeated. It says:

We are in receipt of a paper, having considerable circulation among farmers, which states editorially that the present taxes, levied for road purposes, are in many instances a great burden upon the farming class, and that wheelmen who agitate for road improvement do so solely for the benefit of the bicycle,—that a horse doesn't require a hard, smooth road, that the farmer can better afford to go twice after a load than to pay the ten or twelve dollars that wide tires would cost, etc.

It closes a column of that sort of talk by asking his readers to send in their individual opinions. Being one of his readers we take pleasure in giving it as our opinion that he is an ass.

For Expansion.

Ex-Gov. McCreary is one of the Democratic leaders, who has announced himself to be an "expansionist." In an interview the other day at Washington Mr. McCreary, who when he was a member of the House committee on foreign affairs, was regarded by the Democrats as a leader on international questions, said:

"I am not in favor of giving up any place over which our flag floats. It is wisely provided in the protocol that the United States shall occupy and hold the city, bay and harbor of Manila pending the determination of the control, disposition and government of the Philippines. We must preserve and hold forever that which Dewey and his brave men so gallantly won. The commission to be appointed by the President will, after proper investigation, report as to what part of the Philippine Islands the United States shall occupy and govern permanently."

"The problem of the Philippines is not difficult if we consider it from a purely patriotic and American standpoint. Progress, wealth, population and the demands of agriculture, industries and manufactures change the situation. While it was proper for our people to oppose territorial expansion for many years, except where the territory was contiguous, conditions have changed. The days of our isolation are over. To preserve our leadership among nations we must be controlled by great events and the demands of the times. China and Japan and the southeastern provinces of Asia constitute the great commercial theater of the future, and present attractive markets for our agricultural, industrial and mechanical products. They are logically our customers and allies in trade, for they are nearer to us than to England, Germany or France."

Meeting of Veterans.

Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 19.—Sam D. Brown, secretary of the Green River Federal Association of Kentucky volunteers, has called a meeting of the organization to be held in Richelieu hall, Cincinnati, O., on September 8, between 9 a. m. and 6 p. m. Capt. Brown is exceedingly anxious for the members of the association to be present at this meeting during the G. A. R. encampment.

Varied.

Salt Lake Herald.
The fruits of victory—sugar, molasses, tobacco, hemp, cigars, copra and indigo.

Sixteen to One.

From the Globe-Democrat.
Japan's ratio for silver is 32½ to 1. But the Missouri democrats stick to it that 16 to 1 is enough for an American when he receives his wages or draws his money out of a savings bank.

Hail to Their Chief.

From Pittsburgh Post.
Porto Rico's delegation to the next national convention will be solid for Miles for President.

Fruit Hill Items.

The tobacco crop in this vicinity is looking very well. There are not very many worms this season.

We would be very glad to see a good rain.

Mrs. Belle Barnes, who has been on the sick list, is better.

The protracted meeting at Poplar Grove has closed.

The school, which is being carried on at this place, has been quite a success.

There will be preaching held at this place the fourth Sunday in September by Rev. M. L. Pope.

Mr. O. A. West was in Hopkinsville Wednesday on business.

Misses Lark and Ollie Davis, and Messrs. Volney Clark, Pink Wright and Charley Grace were the pleasant guests of Miss May Flowers last Sunday.

Misses Emma Pendley, Ivy West and Helen Barnes were the guests of Miss Lillie Spruill Sunday.

Miss Drowsella Wilson, of this place, and Mr. Charley Dukes, of Logansport, Ind., were united in marriage last Thursday at Evansville, and left for Logansport, Ind., where they will make their happy home. We all wish them a long and happy life.

Mr. John Wilson was in Hopkinsville Friday on business.

Mr. Joe Dulio and family and Miss Helen Barnes were in Crofton Tuesday.

The young people of this vicinity who have been attending a sanctified meeting are very sorry it has come to a close.

Mr. Milton Meacham, of Crofton, passed through our town yesterday.

Mr. Neal Wilson paid a flying visit to St. Charles last week.

Mr. W. T. Davis was in Hopkinsville Monday on business.

Mr. John Wilson and wife visited the home of J. C. Davis Sunday.

Mrs. Mattie Henderson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lena Rogers, this week.

Mr. David Smith, of this place, was in town last week on business.

OVERLAND CAVE PARTY.

Some of the Things the Travelers Did and Saw on Their Memorable Trip.

Written for The Bee by the Historian of the Party.

The following very interesting account of the experiences of the "Overland Cave Party," was written for THE BEE by the historian of the party. They were eleven days away from home, were five days going and over four days returning, and at the cave almost two days—most of them going through Mammoth Cave by both long and short routes. The members of the party, as before recorded in THE BEE were: Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Chatten, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McGary, Misses Agnes Burr, Sue Burr, Annie Moore, Mr. Howard White, Jas. Parker was the stage driver and teamster.

The account of the historian is as follows:

The Overland Cave Party left Earlinton on the 7th day of August, 1898, with a firm determination to see the wonders of the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. We traveled "across country" taking with us a regular gypsy outfit. Journeying in this fashion, beholding the beautiful scenery of Kentucky's wilds, coming upon quaint little towns nestled in among the hills, passing innumerable log-cabins and crossing the Green river several times, we at last, on the afternoon of the fifth day out, turned into a steep, rocky road, which, we were told, led to the Mammoth Cave.

There was a halt half-way where our Party left the wagons to contemplate "Cedar Sink," a noted place in Edmonson county. I cannot describe the fearful distance to the ground, from the hill where we stood, any better than by quoting the words of a farmer. "Notice Cedar Sink," he said, "thar was a man who threw a hatchet down in thar orchard, and the hatchet rotted before it reached the bottom of the Sink." Of course that was exaggeration, but one could not help feeling impressed by the grandeur of the mighty cliffs on all sides of this wonderful Sink, named for the many cedar trees which stand guard around it. Continuing our journey (to quote from one of the natives) "you go up and up, and think you'll never get thar and all to once you're thar." Stretched out before us we saw a veritable little oasis of civilization; the grass fresh and green, the white buildings and fences making a charming picture to the eye. There were beautifully dressed ladies moving about, and strains of music floated to us from the hotel where we were cordially welcomed by the manager, who kindly gave us fine camping-grounds.

After a night of good rest our Party descended the steps at the right of the entrance, and passed through an iron gateway into the darkness of Mammoth Cave. Our guide stopped to relight several lanterns and a cold blast of air rushed out making us draw closer to each other, shivering, for the temperature of the Cave is only 50 degrees.

To follow our route exactly would take too much space, so I must only tell of a few interesting features. "Fat Man's Misery," "Knee-High Valley," "The Valley of Humility," "Great Relief," and "Tall Man's Misery" (which was no misery at all to one of our ladies) all created much laughter for our Party. About half-way through the Cave we took the boat on the "River Styx," and later on "Echo River." Never as long as we live will we forget our row in the curious-looking boats. The echo produced by a call from the guide made a perfect chord. Then, after that had died away and utter silence reigned once more, a song was started, and the melodies that were echoed back from the magnificent walls on either side were truly beyond description. Coming back over this same route that night another guide joined us. It was he who made Echo river "speak for itself." He did this by bringing his oar down with a splash on the water and the echo was tremendous! Reverberation after reverberation rolled away, and finally, as we neared our landing, Echo river ceased to speak for us, but—let us hope—not forever.

Passing Nebraska Bend, and having inspected many monuments we decided we would not leave the Cave until we had left one for St. Bernard Coal Company. No busier crew ever set to work and finished a monument in quicker time than we did. The guide stood by with a quiet smile as he watched our guide join us. It was he who made Echo river "speak for itself." He did this by bringing his oar down with a splash on the water and the echo was tremendous! Reverberation after reverberation rolled away, and finally, as we neared our landing, Echo river ceased to speak for us, but—let us hope—not forever.

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Finally all was finished, and, after dedicating with three rousing cheers that made the echoes ring again, we moved on to partake of an underground dinner, with many injunctions to our guide on the way to "show our monument." Later the "Overland Cave Party" was shown into "Bacon Chamber." It was well for the guide that the bacon was of stone or he might have lost many of his curious formations for I believe the Cave Party needed more salt meat that day.

Entering the "Vale of Diamonds" we were dazzled by the formation on the walls and ceiling which resembled millions of diamonds brilliantly flashing.

"Floral Chamber" was lovely with flowers! Exact representa-

tions of lilies, sunflowers, roses, etc.

Our Party named one room "Coral Chamber." Beautiful formations like white coral hung from the ceiling.

"Scotchman's Trap" was a rock of enormous dimensions overhanging the passage-way that we descended. One of our Party gave it a new name by his actions. "Sliding down my cellar-door," he triumphantly said as he rose to his feet.

The "Rocky Mountains" were "hard climbing" (except when we crawled on hands and knees) but when we had gained the crowning point we felt fully repaid for our exertion, for looking down we could see the "Dismal Hollow" in all its awfulness, brought out distinctly by the burning light the guide had thrown far down beneath us. We listened to the drip, drip of the water striking the damp, cold rocks in the pit below.

On this summit was the "Blarney Stone" whose cold, wet sides received several kisses from our Party. After a short rest we proceeded on our return journey. I cannot describe "Concealment" I can only say "try it for yourself." Such a scrambling, climbing, squeezing, pushing, pulling and twisting which brings you through at last into "Bandits' Hall," a dark and gruesome place! The ladies looked with startled eyes half expecting to see some heavily-bearded stranger come forth from under the shelving rocks and growl, "Your money or your life."

It was quite a relief to move on to "Broadway" and walk again through the solemn, massive arches; to find ourselves beneath the vast "Rotunda," knowing we had only a little farther to walk before we reached the iron gate once more.

Passing out of the Cave we sat down on the rocks at the entrance, and, holding our arms up, we felt the warm air and breathlessly wondered how we could have breathed before we went into the Cave. After we had recovered sufficient breath, we climbed the steep hill with many gasps; at last reaching the summit where we were graciously received by the manager and the people at the hotel, who were anxiously awaiting our return. After partaking of a warm supper we all retired to dream of our seven-mile walk, eyeless fish, blind crickets, fly and snake chambers.

The short route was taken the next day, but only by a portion of the Party as the others stayed above ground to direct the packing of the wagons or in camp-languages, to "break camp." We were to start for home that afternoon. It is hard to say which route is the most interesting. I have said so much about the long route that I must try to condense the short one.

One perfectly exquisite feature in the short route is the "Star Chamber." Coming suddenly to a number of benches, the guide told us to sit down. Following his instructions we gazed upward while he put out our lanterns and left us saying he would return presently. Gradually, as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, it was as if we were looking out through the ceiling to the heavens. The "Milky Way" was distinct, and a comet was very real. The grandeur of the place awed us into silence, and while the spell was still upon us we heard the distant crowing of a rooster, the low of the cattle, the singing of birds and the bark of a dog. Turning, we looked fearfully in the direction of the noises and saw a faint glow as if of approaching day. It was all so wonderfully real that it disappointed us a little to be disturbed by the guide and to know it was only illusion and that he was making the noises we had heard—that his lantern was what we imagined to be the first ray of the sun.

Standing on the "Bridge of Sighs" we gazed down into the "Bottomless Pit" and leaving that we went into "Olive's Bower" which was composed of great and small stalagmites and stalactites. The guide threw a Bengal light there and the "Bower" was perfect in splendor. The "Arm Chair," "Picture Frame," "Elephant's Head," "Lovers' Retreat" and the "Bridal Altar," where the guide informed us eleven couples had been married, were all formed of these wonderful stalagmites and stalactites. The images on the walls and ceiling were relieved by the black, back-ground of white gypsum and the "Water Clock" were all marvelously interesting.

Once we came suddenly into an open space and stared in amazement at the tiers upon tiers of rock which ran around the upper part of the Cave in half-crescent shape, meeting at an immense rock (which the guide told us was the stage). We caught ourselves half-expecting to see a curtain fall in front of this stage and then hear the cheers from the spectators in those dark-looking, empty tiers of seats. The whole place looked like an enormous theater. The famous actor, Edwin Booth, had rendered a dramatic character before quite a number of people, hence the name "Booth's Amphitheater."

Just before we left the Cave we were shown one of the most perfect illusions we had ever seen. An exact profile of Martha Washington, made by the reflection of a Bengal light on the wall of the Cave. A pure white statue it looked to us as we viewed it from a distance.

At 1:30 p. m. we reached the sunlight once more, and, after exploring the month of Echo River, buying a few little souvenirs at the entrance of the Cave, we climbed the hill, reaching the hotel very hot and hungry! It did not take our Party long to collect for dinner (we were always ready to eat, especially if "it" happened to be watermelons.)

The homeward route was by pike roads and we easily made thirty miles a day. The counties around the Cave, besides being rocky, can't boast of much water. At Glasgow Junction the town-pump supplied us with water in a way we will not forget for some time to come.

Our second night out we surprised ourselves by getting such an early start—but—sulphur water is by no means good!

At Russellville and Elkton we stopped for quite awhile; and were taken for "show people."

At Shakertown we had a very pleasant reception. A dear old lady showed us around. The houses were all built in the same style with the date on a marble slab. One of the houses was built in 1810. Such a quaint little white house. The spring, to one of our Party, was the most fascinating place.

Our driver disappeared just beyond Shakertown. We feared he had gone back to join the Shakers, but at Auburn he turned up. It seems he couldn't get away from the Shakers fast enough.

We cannot find words in which to thank the people of Hopkinsville who gave us such a good time the last night we were in camp. The singing by the glow of our camp-fire will be a picture that will remain with us for many years. Then, how can we forget "the treats" the next day. We left Hopkinsville at 10:30 a. m.

I am sure the natives must have been startled by the yells we gave as we crossed L. & N. railroad near Morton's Gap. We cheered lustily as we passed through that town and through Barnesville. Soon afterward we were hailed by our good friend the Secretary of St. Bernard, who drove to meet us and tell us where there were good camping grounds. Then the electric lights at Earlinton came into view and we knew our happy camping trip was at an end. We had seen the Mammoth Cave with all its marvelous sights and were full of delight that we had come back better and stronger than ever; able to laugh at those who predicted that some at least would come home on the train.

S. R. B.

DOWN IN THE MINES.

The Hecla Coal Co. made some changes in their working force last week.

Among those taking quite an interest in the exhibits at the Hopkins County Fair is the St. Bernard Coal Co., as it will have a fine display. Secretary Bailey, of the Hecla Coal Co., has not been idle and their exhibit, under his supervision, is a good one.

A very clever device was originated by Paul M. Moore for the miners' badge on a fine display. It consisted of a miner's pick standing by a lump of coal upon which was a miner's cap and lamp.

The Empire Coal Co. is doing a good business, although summer is still here.

Some of the miners who recently went to Illinois to mine coal are back again and would, no doubt, like to go to work for their former employers.

Miners, as a general thing, take but little interest in the conventions of late. They are the silent voters.

The building of new factories South, open up new markets for coal, and thus does capital again help labor and here read what the Manufacturers' Record says: "Int, the South 'do move.' Her cities are growing in wealth and population; her farms are being multiplied and improved, her factories are being increased and enlarged; her mills are being more and more developed, and her forests yet await the saw's incessant buzz to swell her accumulated and accumulating stores. "Let the mourner cease from mourning, and the shrieker from shrieking. They will not cease because they are few, but because they are unheeded. "No more can the crank and the demagogue make us believe that the South is in the slough of despond than could the ball of the Pope make Galileo believe that the earth stood still."

Apparently the coal miners' strike at Panna, Ill., is as far from settlement as ever. During last week several assaults on non-union workers were committed, making it necessary to have a large force of deputy sheriffs and special police on hand to quell disturbances and protect property.

The Black Diamond Coal Company, operating mines in the Jellico coal district was thrown in the hands of a receiver upon the application of local creditors. The liabilities of the company are placed at \$165,000, of which amount \$45,000 is due the Coal Creek Mining and Manufacturing Company, owners of the coal lands leased to the Black Diamond. The assets, aside from these lands, are placed at \$22,000.

A new coal-washing apparatus is now in vogue in Germany, the invention of Mr. Karl Mayer, of Barmen, Westphalia. The washed coal and its mud are passed along a chute from the plunger washing machine to a tank with sloping sides at a lower level, from which the coal is raised by a bucket chain to a series of draining tanks, while the water overflowing from this tank into another adjoining it is also raised by a centrifugal pump to the same tank. In passing from the first to the second tank the water is freed from its mud by an inclined strainer. The clear water is let back to the washing machine to be used again.

There has been shipped from Norfolk, in British bottoms, seventeen cargoes of Pocahontas coal, aggregating 70,123 tons. They have gone to eleven different coaling stations belonging to England, and it has been believed that England was stocking stations in the event of possible war. To-day it leaked out that this view is undoubtedly correct, as the Pocahontas Coal Company is assured by one of its employees to have practically admitted that an unlimited contract from the British Government for coaling her stations all over the world had been secured, and the work has just fairly commenced. The stations to which cargoes have thus far been sent are: Monrovia, in Liberia; St. Michael's, in the Azores; Kingston, Jamaica; Singapore, India; Cape Town, Africa; St. Vincent and Porto Praya, Cape

de Verdes, St. Lucia, British West Indies; Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic; St. Paul de Loando, Africa, and London. One vessel alone, the Indra, carried 9150 tons to Singapore.

The Black Diamond Coal Company, one of the largest coal mining concerns in East Tennessee, is in the hands of a receiver, appointed upon application of three Knoxville juggling houses, creditors of the company. The liabilities of the company are estimated at \$165,000, and the assets exclusive of real estate and leased coal lands, are placed at \$22,000. The property excepted above is covered by a mortgage to secure a bond issue of \$165,000, which, however, has never been issued further than \$40,000. T. H. Heald, president of the company, is the receiver. He denies the insolvency of the company, and says it will pay every dollar of its indebtedness.

Pana, Ill., August 19.—Sheriff Coburn and a deputy posted notices all over the city this morning in regard to the law on labor and interference therewith.

"If any person shall, by threat, intimidation or unlawful interference, seek to prevent any other person from working or from obtaining work at any lawful business, on any terms that he may see fit, such person so offending shall be fined not exceeding \$200.—Section 1519."

Sheriff Coburn, in very strong terms, says: "Such is the law and it must be enforced while I am Sheriff."

All day the strikers congregated about the bulletin boards and electric light poles, reading and discussing the flaming red posters. Shortly after these posters were tacked on divers and sundry posts and outbuildings in the vicinity of Springside, where have been congregated the majority of the strikers for several days, the crowds began to disperse. Many of the more obstinate ones, however paid little or no attention to them.

The report that the mines will resume operations Monday with a force of 300 negroes is a matter of mere conjecture with the strikers.

Birmingham, Ala., August 19.—According to the statement of Fred Ditcher, of Nelsonville, O., a member of the national executive board of United Mine Workers of America, who is here, a number of labor agents who are in this district for the alleged purpose of securing 1500 negro laborers to work in the iron and steel plants around Chicago, are really here to induce negro miners to take places of strikers at Panna, Ill. Ditcher says the agents are employed by a Chicago bureau, whose business is to fill the places of strikers with so-called blacklegs. He and the local labor leaders are strongly advising against the negroes going to Illinois, as the work is plentiful and wages good in the Birmingham district. Local mine operators are also throwing every obstacle in the way of the visiting labor agents, with the result that the latter are making poor headway.

The agents now here are Lewis Overholt and Julius Broehl. They leave Monday night with two negroes.

Items From Poole.
Miss Lula Thornberry has returned from a trip to Brandenburg, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Rice, who will journey with the family of Dr. Thornberry.

Eld. W. M. Schwartzler held a meeting of a few days with the Baptist church during last week—without outward results—but with the satisfaction that he delivered a series of sermons as replete with earnestness and power as it was ever our lot to listen to. His effort on Sunday was simply unapproachable in point of adaptation and eloquence.

The Christian brethren are holding a meeting at Tilden, and several of our young folks attended last night. Only three fugitives reported torn up last night, and several of our boys have been persuaded by Judge Stevens to make small deposits for the good of the town treasury. Still more may be called upon to contribute.

Wm. C. Dickey died last Thursday. He leaves a large family to mourn his loss. He was buried with Masonic honors on Friday. He was about 43 years old. Rev. W. W. Stone preached his funeral.

Julius Stevens was knocked down and ran over by the buggy of a reckless driver the other night, as he was escorting a young lady home from church. Will it take a dose of law to teach boys to drive with due regard to the safety of others?

J. W. Stevens is wrestling with a case of bilious fever.

A cattle plague, called pink eye, is among the cattle around here and some have even lost their eyes.

You can tell the fast rider by his cigarette. I wonder if his mother knows he is out!

My Brother, Tom and I.

How dearly do I love to think of a time now and then, When brother Tom and I were boys; We loved each other so. Our grand old country, summer home, The woodland, too, close by, 'Twas there we spent our happiest days; My brother Tom and I.

We knew not then the cares of life, But lived for one another, And gauding us with watchful care, Our darling, sainted mother, The habbling brook, the flowers sweet, And bluest azure sky Were what made life so sweet to us— To brother Tom and I.

Not long ago we took a trip Back to our childhood's home, Just everything seemed, oh, so changed From where we used to roam. The old mill-wheel was torn away, It almost made me cry As we looked on our old playground, My brother, Tom and I.

Though now we're grown up, busy men, We never shall forget Those happy days when we were young, And wish we were there yet. But brother Tom is far away, And oh! how time does fly, We seldom see each other now, My brother, Tom and I.

—ALLAN J. LAWLESS.

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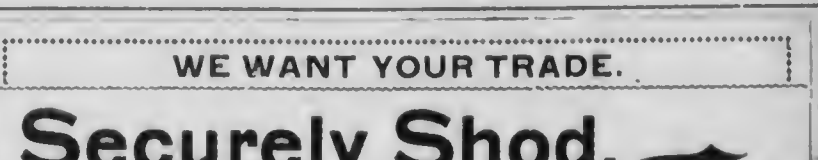


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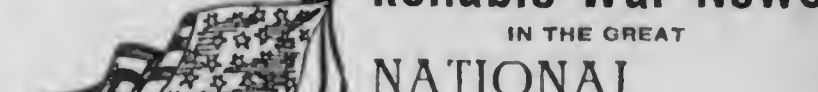
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